

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MOTION PICTURE

The "Educational" Film
Sees it Through

By Kenneth Macgowan

When some erudite gentleman of the universities wants to dust off his democracy a bit by praising the movies he usually picks out the fillers between Charlie Chaplin and the particular set of ringlets starred in the feature film. He dilates on the educational potentialities of a B. V. D. or "The Ticket-Scalping Industry of Broadway." He shoves the "scenics" into the uplift class by his amorous advances.

Yes, there are "educational" to-day, but what will they seem beside the real thing when it comes at last?

Imagine the class in modern history at the H. G. Wells Memorial High School of 1918. The story of Napoleon, for instance. Forget the captions and reading matter, for the moment. Look at the pictures. A few flashes of the French Revolution to start with—stuttering Desmoullins on a boulevard table haranguing the mob; the storming of the empty Bastille; Marie Antoinette riding in a tumbrel; finally, the "whiff of grapeshot" and an unsuccessful young officer of artillery, who had overstay his leave four months, made master of Paris. After that preparation, a gorgeous living canvas of the Napoleonic wars, beginning in the crusade of the French Republicans to make all Europe a liberated holy land and ending in imperial menace broken at Leipzig and smashed at Waterloo. A particularly interesting close-up would be the shattered vase with which Napoleon demonstrated the fragility of Austria. As for Bonaparte before the Sphinx—with a few visions of Alexander, Caesar and Hannibal—well, only the idiom of Wells can complete it. Printer, give us a row of periods.

But there would be much besides pictures in this movie history. Maps—living, moving maps—the frontiers of Europe in 1793 melting into the shapes of 1810, and reforming as we watch the figures at the peace table of Paris fade in and out.

Then the same Europe of 1793 with the campaigns of Napoleon marching across its face in line after line of advancing legions. Or the map in petto—the Battle of Waterloo fought by tiny replicas of the historic "squares" and by symbols of the charging cuirassiers. But why history alone? The Joan and Peter of 1918 will receive a pictorial course in economics thorough enough to satisfy Wells himself. The industrial revolution should be no more difficult a problem than the French variety. And, for once, charts, graphs and statistics will take the quick significance of the living thing.

All this is as probable as it sounds easy. A few years ago Judge Lindsey told the writer about a remarkable talk he had had with Edison over the teaching of elementary arithmetic and spelling by moving pictures. Perhaps the problems of the war have turned the inventor aside, but at the time he was enthusiastically working out the multiplication tables in live guinea pigs and demonstrating on the screen the construction and meaning of "C-A-T." Judge Lindsey didn't mention geography; yet surely that is one of the simplest and most promising tasks of the real educational films.

It is easy to speculate on in the future of the thing. Canned lectures on anatomy by distinguished savants, synchronized with colored movies of an operation, are surely not beyond the reach of the medical school of the next generation. Lubin made such films two years ago. To-day we have Pathé films which show us plants growing and blossoming in half a minute, and which slow down human motion to the point where a jumper glides through the air with the slow precision of an airplane, and the play of muscle in a runner may be minutely studied. These open up vistas of some remarkable courses in botany, anatomy and entomology.

There are immediate applications in all this—more immediate than we perhaps imagine. At the moment the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which controls the distribution of photoplays to all the camps, huts and bar-

racks of the American and Allied armies in the field, is working out, under the admirable direction of Maurice Ricker, living maps which will educate the soldiers in the difficult problems of racial geography with which the peace conference will have to deal. This is only one detail of a most ambitious programme of education by movies. The work of Dr. Ricker's department should prove a sad commentary on the opportunities lost in the official films of the Committee on Public Information. Think of the Great War fought out not alone in motion pictures of tanks and troops and 75s, but also in great maps of Europe with Eastern and Western fronts that bulge and bend with the titanic fortunes of the conflict!

But why confine the movies to such far-away battles? There is the subway just beneath our doors. Suppose Mr. Shonts had laid aside his editorial pen for a week or so before the great maze opened, and had made a few films. Suppose he had flashed upon the thousand screens of the city—perhaps by official command—short three-minute movies instructing us in the intricacies of the "H." Suppose he had supplemented brief directions and descriptions with living maps. Suppose he had thus traced out in a moving, growing line the route of a Bronxite from 180th Street to Chambers Street. It isn't so very much of a strain on the imagination—not so much as "The Subway Sun," any way. Perhaps somebody will try it the next time Mr. Shonts finishes a labyrinth.

Only Human, but
There Seems To
Be a Catch

By Heywood Brown

Sometimes after seeing a moving picture like Charlie Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms" or Charlie Ray's "Nine o'Clock Town" we begin to fear that the films are coming in with such a rush that the theatre of the spoken drama will be all but swept away. Then we wait a while and cheer up because for some reason or other the flood is delayed. We think that the movies do not sweep everything before them chiefly because the movie men won't let them. In proof of this assertion, we offer an extract from a recent bulletin of the Authors' League. Our selection is drawn from an article entitled "What Is the Matter With Your Motion Picture Scenario?" and we assume that the author, who signs himself "A New York Agent," knows something about the business. At any rate, he writes:

"Above all stories should be 'human.' That is a vastly overworked word, but it is the one that describes the quality most necessary; and modern domestic stories, stories of everyday life and everyday people are the type most in demand."

"Writers, professional and amateur, the movie people need you, and more than that they want you. Don't you believe anything else, for it is from you that the great number of stories must come every year, every month, every week. The stage plays, novels and magazine stories cannot begin to fill the demand, and you must make up the quota."

"It may save time and effort to remember that the field is practically closed to the following:

"Costume stories, political stories, religious stories, war stories, dual rôle stories, medical stories, capital and labor stories, historical stories, animal stories, stories of illegitimacy, psychological treatises, stories with long lapses of time, stories that depend upon mechanical effects, stories that jump all over the map, stories of married people—don't write them!"

We wonder what Mr. New York Agent means by "human." A world without war or politics or religion or married life would seem rather barren of subjects. The only thing left which we can think of would be a dress suit version of Mother Goose, but even that would not do, because the old lady who lived in a shoe distinctly suggests a problem of capital and labor, while the cow might be well said to have jumped all over the map when she burled the moon; Peter Piper was a married man, and Humpty Dumpty has at least a warlike aspect on account of the immediate mobilization of all the King's horses and men.

Scarcely a play in New York would pass the test. Many would be barred out on account of the war, but most of the others would fare equally badly. "Lightnin'" deals with married life, and so does "Be Calm Camilla." "Redemption" not only has to do with marriage, but also religion, and it might be considered psychological. "The Betrothal" clearly jumps all over the map, and its vision forward and back would probably count as long lapses of time. Marriage again would be the fatal objection to "The Riddle: Woman," "The Saving Grace," "Tea for Three," "The Matinee Hero" and "Sleeping Partners." The only plays which would seem to have a chance to get by would be "Daddy Long-Legs" and "A Stitch in Time."

For the present, at least, the drama seems to be slightly less fettered than its stepsister art.

Fair Binney to Play
Opposite John Barrymore

Fair Binney has been engaged by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to play opposite John Barrymore in his new Paramount picture, "Here Comes the Bride," under the direction of John Robertson.

All We Know of
William S. HartSomewhere in Hoboken,
November 19, 1918.

My Dear "H. U.": If you had done your duty by the Hart "fans" when you recently had the privilege of interviewing William the Conqueror of Hearts (copyrighted) you would not now be burdened with this correspondence. We had been waiting (oh, so long!) for just such enlightenment as we thought your meeting with him would reveal. Why, you never even mentioned whether "his hair was red or his eyes were blue"—or did he wear a hat and colored goggles, which prevented you from making these interesting discoveries? Also, you might have given us some idea concerning his middle name—we're not sure yet what the "S" represents, "Sweet," "Soft" or "Stony." The following deductions were compiled from film acquaintance—ship only, and we wish them corroborated or corrected, as the case may be: Name (in full), William Shakespeare Hart. ("Proper pronunciation 'H' is silent, according to best authorities.")

Nationality, American (ancestry, Irish). Religion, Roman Catholic (as only one of this faith could look as he does—at times). Status (in regard to matrimony), widower. (It doesn't seem logical that he should never have married, and I won't permit myself to think he possesses a wife—at present!)

Occupation, greatest actor on the screen (for, didn't you record that fact yourself when reviewing "The Goat"? and since then we have regarded you as the one critic—no, the brilliant H. B. not excepted!). After such adulation as this I am confident you won't ignore this appeal. Hair, dark red (auburn). Eyes, gray, with greenish tinge. (You see, they couldn't be dark, as Mr. Brisbane once wrote columns explaining that no one of any importance ever possessed orbs of sombre hue.)

And as for his political views, I don't care a fig or a prune. "The Oklahoma Heiress" (confound her!) is a more serious consideration, but I find genuine solace in the fact that Mr. Hart need never marry wholly for financial reasons! You need not be squeamish about publishing this (even if the writer's identity is somewhat obscure). It's bona fide, I assure you, and not the efforts of a press agent. However, you should know this from the postmark.

Awaiting your response (through The Tribune) with eager expectancy, I am, Most cordially yours, NELL. P. S.—My grandfather subscribed to The Tribune in Horace Greeley's time, so I think I'm entitled to some consideration.

Yes, Nell, you are, and you shall have it. Your first assumption, labelled "Name," is correct. Also your second. Of his religion we won't doubt. He is a bachelor! "Occupation," correct: "hair," correct: "eyes," blue. And, we may add, disposition serious, manners faultless, devotion beautiful. Fond of animals. Loves to be "far from the madding crowd." Is this satisfactory? H. U.

New Films at the
Theatres This Week

Enrico Caruso will make his screen debut at The Rivoli this week in "My Cousin," a cheerful drama by Margaret Turnbull, in which the singer appears in a dual rôle.

Caruso's first picture deals with the love affair of a poverty stricken sculptor, whose claim to kinship with the celebrated tenor is challenged by the sculptor's rival. The failure on the part of the singer to recognize his cousin at a chance meeting in a restaurant strengthens the belief that the latter is an impostor, until the tenor comes to the rescue; the relationship is established and the sculptor is free to continue his courtship. Carolina White, the noted soprano of Metropolitan Opera fame, will appear opposite Caruso. Managing Director Rothapel has built a typical Caruso music programme around the feature attraction. The orchestra, under the conductorship of Erno Rapee, will play the Fantasia from Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" as the overture. Vincente Ballester will sing the popular "Prologue" and Annie Rosner, soprano, will render "The Bird Song" from the same opera. Selections from "The Chocolate Soldier" will be played by the orchestra as the interlude number. One of Robert C. Bruce's exquisite scenic studies called "A Wee Bit Odd," the Rivoli Animated Pictorial, including some stirring scenes from the Creel Committee's official war review, and a new Mack Sennett extravaganza, "Who's Little Wife Are You?" complete the pictorial portion of the programme.

Pauline Frederick will appear at The Rialto this week in "A Daughter of the Old South." The story, the work of Alicia Ramsay and Rudolph de Cordova, centres about a beautiful girl who rebels against her betrothal to a wealthy Spaniard. A series of complications ensue, following her meeting with a young novelist, who falls in love with her. Pedro de Cordova plays opposite Miss Frederick. Others in the supporting cast are Vera Beresford, Rev. MacDougall and Mrs. T. Randolph. An interesting travel picture, showing scenes in Java, the animated magazine, and "Mongrels," a Sunshine comedy, will be shown in addition to the feature photoplay.

The orchestra, Hugo Riesenfeld conducting, will play Enesco's "Rhapsodie Roumaine" as the principal music number. A potpourri of old-time waltzes will be rendered as the interlude selection. The Rialto Male Quartet will be heard in "Home Coming Week in France" and "Sally King," the latter one of the musical burlesques made popular by this well known aggregation of singers. Sacha Fideleman, concertmaster of the orchestra, will play Lalo's "Andante" from the "Symphony Espagnole."

Geraldine Farrar in "The Hell Cat," newest of her Goldwyn Pictures, is the principal feature at the Strand Theatre. Though the entire production

was made in the heart of the Wyoming Rockies, "The Hell Cat" is in no sense a conventional "Western" drama. Replete with color and movement, the ranch atmosphere is merely a background for an uncommonly strong clash of wills. Geraldine Farrar is Pancha O'Brien, half Spanish and half Irish, with all the contradictions this mixture implies. The star is supported by an excellent cast, including Milton Sills, Tom Stantschi, William W. Black and Evelyn Axcell. A new comedy entitled "A Straight Crook" is also on the programme, as is a new scenic study, the Strand Topical Review, containing the latest news pictures of interest, and the Allied War Review. "The Rose of No Man's Land," a new song from "over there," will be presented with special scenic investitures and sung by the new Strand quintet. Malita Bonconi, a violinist of rare artistic ability, will play the third movement of the Bruch Concerto in G minor. The Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Carl Edouarde, will play excerpts from "Carmen."

Maurice Tourneur's picturization of the famous Drury Lane and Manhattan Opera House melodrama "Sporting Life," with a big star cast, will be the big feature of the week at Loew's New York Theatre and Roof, where it will be shown on Monday only. Other attractions scheduled for the week will be Alice Brady in "Her Great Chance," on Tuesday; Carmel Meyers in "All Night," on Wednesday; Franklyn Farnum and Anna Q. Nilsson in "Vanity Pool," on Thursday; Jane and Katherine Lee in "Tell It to the Marines" and Corinne Griffith in "Miss Ambition," on Friday; Carlyle Blackwell in "Hitting the Trail," on Saturday, and May Allison in "The Testing of Mildred Vane," on Sunday.

The attraction at the Broadway Theatre will be the same as last week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin on the same programme have been such a success that Manager Kashin was compelled to open the doors all week at 10 in the morning. Next week will mark the fifth week's engagement of Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms" at the Broadway, and the second week's en-

"Are We Downhearted?"
No!" Mabel's Last Word

By Harriette Underhill

Mabel Normand has gone to California. The worst thing about pictures is the way they have of removing people we like and taking them away from our devoted midst to the state of sunshine and flowers and California red ink and native sons and things. But Mabel has been at least half a Californian ever since she made her first success there. She goes back with all the weight of the added prestige she has gained in Goldwyn pictures in the East—and even then she doesn't weigh very much. We mean this literally, of course, for we are very strong for Mabel, "if you know what we mean."

Now, seeing Mabel other than on the screen is not so easy as it sounds, for Mabel is notoriously forgetful of appointments. But she professes to like us, and we believe her, for when she made an appointment with us she not only kept it, but she arrived there first, so that we found her waiting for us. It was like "Little Mabel, little Mabel, with her face against the pane."

"In one way I feel rather like the farmer, you remember, who said: 'Goin' to town to get drunk, and gosh! how I dread it.' I know I'll be tickled to death once I'm out there, but gosh! how I dread leaving. One of the funniest jokes I ever heard was the 'travelling for pleasure' phrase. It is about as sensible as the idea of going to the dentist for pleasure. I hate travelling!" said Mabel emphatically.

"But cheer! At any rate, there'll be no more of that ungodly trip over the Fort Lee ferry. There have been times when I could have killed the man who invented the Hudson River. Irv Berlin can murder all the buglers he wants, but I'm agin the man who slams the gates of the ferry and says 'Next trip.'"

"Everybody has been wonderfully kind back here. But I love the life in California. And it is easier to work seriously. And I have missed dreadfully some of my friends who never come East. You see, motion pictures bring both coasts—and all coasts—together. That's one of the reasons why it's a delight to be a cinemese."

"Of course I hate leaving mother. No, she isn't a stage 'mommer.' She is the real thing in mothers, I can tell you. Every one always seems so surprised when I speak of mother. Don't I look as though I had a mother? She is the mother I told you of who had such long eyelashes. When I was little I used to call them trick mustaches. My week ends with her on Staten Island have been the only domestic life I've had for the last few months. Living at hotels doesn't spoil your taste for home life; it makes you all the keener for it. That is the biggest sacrifice I've made in working. I can't very well ask mother to give up her country place and get accustomed to city life, which she detests. And I never could have lived with her on Staten Island and got to the Goldwyn studios at Fort Lee in time to do any work. Neither can I ask her to come with me to California, because she has to look after my little sister. That's one reason my friends mean so much to me, no matter where I am. For a moment the w. k. Normand eyes, with their absurdly long, lacy lashes, looked out into the throng of passers-by, and there was a far-away look in them."

"Oh, but are we downhearted? No!" she said with a sudden and characteristically Normandesque change of mood. "I should jolly well rather say not, as Charlie Chaplin used to say. The war is over, and in a short while, I hope, she'll have my brother back. I wish I could be here to meet him. . . . We shifted the conversation to California."

"It is a fact that you can work with ever so much more pep out there. For one thing, there aren't so many distractions. In fact, there isn't anything to do but make pictures, and when it gets too dark to work go to bed. That's the life in California."

"And then the sunshine helps the artist—to say nothing of saving money for the producer. There'll be no such problems and troubles as we had last winter, when time after time we had to stop work because the juice was cut off. And we always had to stop at interesting points."

We asked her what new play she was going to work on first. "Sis Hopkins!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Won't that be grand? I'm so sorry I never saw Rose Melville in the part. I hear she was wonderful. She must have been, to be able to go on playing it and making money out of it for so many years."

"Broad comedy seems to be the only

thing for me. The public pays the piper and has a right to call the tune. Mr. Goldfish says he'll let me do nothing else in future. I suppose I'll have to spend the rest of my screen life rollicking as I did in 'Peck's Bad Girl' and 'A Perfect 36.'"

"Sis Hopkins" is full of gorgeous chances. Do you know it? There's one advantage—I shan't have to fuss much about dresses, and I can look as gloriously ugly as I darn please."

No you can't, Mabel. You simply couldn't look ugly, no matter how hard you try, because we think you are a beauty, just as every one with good taste thinks.

Shadows on the
Screen

William Nigh finished this week the picture of the life of Theodore Roosevelt, on which he has been working for the last two months. Nigh, who directed "My Four Years in Germany," is about to begin work on a new picture of Ambassador Gerard's, and it was Nigh who appeared last week as "Nigh!" We doubt if there is a William Nigh, but if there is he is not going to have the credit of that story.

World Pictures announce that the recent production of Kenyon Gambier's "Saturday Evening Post" story, "The Huge Black One-Eyed Man," will be released under the title of "Love in a Hurry," with Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley as the stars.

Ivan Abramson has a new message to give to the world via the screen, and is now busily engaged answering the call of the spirit. The scenario is nearly completed, and he will begin production in a week or so.

George D. Wright, having completed assembling for the Educational Films Corporation his "Mexican Topicals," will return to Mexico next month to put before the administration the draft of a law for the proper protection of American film products in the country south of the Rio Grande.

The importance of this step may be gauged from the fact that hitherto Mexico has been the customer of European film houses almost exclusively, or else of duping thieves who stole the American product outright. Mr. Wright says:

"The only American stars who are at all well known in Mexico are Charlie Chaplin and Pearl White, the former as a film comedian of world-wide vogue and the latter because the French Pathé, of which the American Pathé is a branch, distributes her releases. On the other hand, the names and histories of leading French and Italian stars are known to all Mexican fans. The reputation of the American films in Mexico has been ruined by the practice of duping."

Herbert Standing, who plays the part of Major William Thaw in "A Romance of the Air," by Franklin B. Coates, was selected by Lieutenant Bert Hall for this part because of his strong resemblance to the American ace in face, figure and, curiously enough, even in mannerisms. Major Thaw is the only other living member of the original Lafayette Escadrille besides Bert Hall, and the two aviators were bosom friends in France.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have started work on a Vitagraph super-feature under the personal supervision of Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company. Henry Houry, French playwright, actor and director, has in hand the actual direction.

Select Pictures Corporation announces the acquisition of Mitchell Lewis as a series star. Mr. Lewis has already begun upon the production of a series of pictures for Select, the first of which, "Code of the Yukon," has been filmed and is in process of preparation for distribution.

"Keep the Home Fires Burning" is the title of a new picture which has just been completed by the American Defence Society and the Universal Film Company. The film shows, in effect, how the nation accomplished the military and industrial salvation of humanity in the struggle against Hun, and how it is equipped now to achieve infinite good for the world.

AMUSEMENTS

RIVOLI RIALTO
TRIUMPH OF THE MOTION PICTURE
B'WAY at 49th St.
DIRECTION S. L. ROTHAPPEL
COMMENCING TO-DAY

CARUSO
In His First Screen Drama
"MY COUSIN"
Supported by CAROLINA WHITE,
The Famous Operatic Soprano.
An Artistic Picture.

LATEST MACK SENNETT COMEDY.
VINCENTE BALLESTER
Baritone
ANNIE ROSNER
Soprano
Erno Rapee will conduct
THE RIVOLI ORCHESTRA

Selections from "I PAGLIACCI"
DOORS OPEN TO-DAY AT 1 P. M. FIRST DE LUXE PERFORMANCE 2.15

PAULINE FREDERICK
In
"A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH."
A Paramount Picture

RIALTO ANIMATED MAGAZINE.
Personally Edited by Mr. Rothapel

RIALTO MALE QUARTET.
SACHA FIDELEMAN, Violinist.

HUGO RISENFELD will conduct
THE RIALTO ORCHESTRA

In
Enesco's "RHAPSODIE ROUMAINE."
FIRST DE LUXE PERFORMANCE 2.15

STRAND
B'way at 47th St.
Commencing Today Goldwyn Presents
GERALDINE FARRAR
in "THE HELL CAT"
COMEDY—REVIEW—PICTOGRAPH
STRAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Selections from "CARMEN," CARL EDUARDE, Condr.
MALITA BONCONI, Violinist. ROBT MILLER, Baritone.

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Direction M. KASHIN

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